

To his ROYAL HIGHNES The DUKE, upon his Arrival.

1679.

When you, Great Sir, began to disappear,
All Loyal Hearts invaded with Fear,
Hope, only in *Scotch* Rebels liv'd, who knew,

Our Courage and our Conduct fled in you,
Pirates and Rebels joyntly did Command,

Turks prey'd on all by Sea, and *Scots* by Land,

The *Turks*! who nere so insolent were grown

T'approach our *Brittish* Coasts, till you were gone.

Though what the *Algerines* first tempted forth,
Was that which mov'd their Brethren in the North,

Both saw we were forsaken by that Hand,

Which had with equal Glory once maintain'd

Our Flag at Sea, our Scepter on the Land.

Brave Causes both, worthy the Sword alone

Of *CHARLES* his Brother, and the *MARTYR'S* Son.

What Force is able with that Armie to fight

Which pleads a Martyrs Vows, a Sovereigns Right?

Now had you left your Brothers Rule, the Land

And past those Seas which once You did Command;

Beyond our *English* Bounds, those Bounds that were

To our poor Isle, none to your Arms appear;

Where once your Sword was drawn, your Course you bend,

Your Sword must still beyond Our Rule extend,

Flanders at once does Peace and You receive,

While Foes our Peace disturb; and Traffick grieve.

Yet these alas! like some ill Omens were,

But Harbingers of our approaching Fear.

For He, in whom we all an Intrest crave,

A Brothers You, we those of Subjects have;

Whose mighty Soul could not be well contain'd

Within his own Dominions on the Land

Descends, the Ocean and his Ships to view,

Which oft engage him in deep Thoughts of You,

On your Employment musing, and your Charge,

VVishes in vain, a Subjects soul so Large.

Fir for the Steerage of so vast a Fleet,

Or near him at the Helme on Land to sit;

VVho next the Throne might shine in silent Peace,

Or in loud VVars, might Thunder on the Seas.

But finding none, He feels the loss though late

Of such a Limb new sever'd from the State.

The first Prince of the Bloud now from him gone,

Unguarded on the Right-hand left the Throne.

For none in Deeds so Great, or Birth so High

His Place in Arms or Councils may supply:

None may of Right ascend, they may invade,

For Princes of the Bloud are Born, not Made.

T'enjoy their Titles and possess their Lot

None ever are Elected, but Begot.

VVanting his sole Support in all his Care,

His Stay in Peace, and his chief Strength in VVar.

On whom, the King still in the first place lean'd,
 And next the King, on whom we all depend.
 Unsafe in Rule, uneasy in his Mind,
 Tost like the Sea, which labours with the wind,
 His Hopes at length, He to Despair resigns,
 Decays in Vigour, and in Health declines.

Soon as the fatal News once reach'd your Ear,
 Urg'd with a Brothers Zeal, and Subjects Care,
 You fly with such like hast as Angels move
 On all the wings of Duty, and of Love.
 Angels and You a like Employment have
 To succour Kings, and distress'd Nations save:
 The Forreign Shore, which when you did arrive
 Met you in Shew, your Vessel to Receive.
 Removing now, left by its guilty Stay,
 It might be thought your Voyage to delay:
 Does in Appearance awfully Recede
 And seems in Duty from your Vessel fled;
 VVhich proud to bear him for her single Load,
 VVho still whole Fleets and Armies led abroad.
 All Opposition does, like You, despise;
 And labour'd by the VVaves, still higher rise,
 No danger can be great enough for Fear
 VVhere *Cæsars* Brother, and his Fortune are.
 His high extraction, add his happy Fate
 The proud Sails swell, and Vessel elevate.
 VVhile to the winds her Canvas wings ere Spread,
 The lazy winds you chide, for want of speed,
 And with impatience their Delays controul,
 For winds compar'd to wing'd Desires, are dull.
 Your Thoughts alas! preventing them, before
 Your Voyage had dispatch't and reacht the Shore,
 Nor Landed on the Shore, do you proceed
 VVith more Solemnity, or with less speed;
 VVith such Dispatch arriving at the Court
 You ev'n Fame prevent, and outly Report
 As swift, yet nor less silent then, the Light,
 Of which we hear no News, till 'tis in sight.
 Me thinks I see the Royal Brothers meet,
 Their Souls and Bodies in Embraces knit,
 VVhile in the Union of their Arms is seen,
 The closer Union of their Hearts within
 How they embrac, and in th' embraces melt,
 Cannot reported be, it must be felt,
 VVhile Joys too mighty for their Tongues arise,
 And flow out in th' expressions of their Eyes,
 Such pow'rtul Transports for which words we want
 VVhich when we imitate, we best shall part.
 Can we who see this, stand unmov'd? Can we
 VVho see th' embraces of the Brothers, be,
 If their Example, or our Duty bind,
 To them unfaithful, or our selves unkind?
 Ah no! let us in Love our stile employ,
 And never weep henceforth, but Tears of Joy.